A COPPY OF GENERALL LESLEY'S LETTER To Sir IOHN SVCKLING;

With Sir *Iohn Sucklings* Anſwer to his Letter.

Printed in the yeare 1642.

A

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OF

GENERALL

LESLEY'S LETTER

TO SR

IOHN SVCKLING,

With Sir John Suckling's Answer to his Letter.

Printed in the yeare 1641.

GENERALL LESLEY'S LETTER

To Sir IOHN SUCKLING.

SIR;

I Am heartily sorry for the report I heare of you. For in those parts where wee here reside, it is constantly related, that you are fled from your Countrey, whether it be out of discontent, or any other intended designe, is not as yet certaine. Trust me, I ever retained this opinion of you, that your *heeles* were as swift

for any action as your *head*. And if you ſhewed your Countrey a paire of faire heeles, you ſeconded but your action at *Newbourne*: where wee thanke you, wee received from you more then you intended to give, by leaving with us an *Inventory* of your clothes: and furniſhing us with ſuch a Wardrobe, as if you purpoſed to doe a worke of charity, in covering your *naked* Enemy.

Now it may be ſome will conceive you to be a man of action: and that you intend ſtrange ſtratagems of State: nay, that you will imbarke your perfumed perſon in ſome military ſervice, to recover your loſt fame: and make the world ring with the brute of your actions. But this is the leaſt of my feare or thoughts. I know you love your ſelfe too well, to put your tender fleſh upon ſo deſperate an hazard. Wee that can write no ſtrong lines; nor are able to diſcover our thoughts in any other language, then Buffe-Rhetoricke: nor were ever acquainted with your Potato's, Eringo's, Caviare, or any ſuch Kix-ſhawes, are fitter to be employed upon ſuch exployts, then your Civet Carpet honour, whoſe valour is beſt diſplaid in the armes of your Miſtreſſe: or hazarding your patience and neceſſitous fortunes at *hazard*. Go to Sir; let not your countrey feare you. My life for hers, you will doe her no harme. You may, I confeſſe, preſent ſome maſſacres upon the Stage with your pen: but if ever you commit ſuch out-

out-rage with your pike, you deceive the world. For my part I must tell you, I would never desire a more indulgent, nor favourable enemy: For I am stedfastly of this opinion, that the sweetnesse and affability of your condition infinitly hates shedding of blood. Your addressements, I know well, are for more amorous employments: Such as may satisfie the sense, and close better with the safety of your person. Nay, *feare* is such a *fever*, as I am perswaded you are never without it, which will be a means to secure you from those hazardous overtures that we poore Souldiers are subject to. You are *nimble*, I am *lame*, you may *fly*, I must *stand* to't. Thanke God for your *speed*; as I shall for my *spirit*.

Wee are now upon our retrait; and to signifie to the world our joy in this happy union, wee intend upon our returne to regreet our countrey with some pleasant Pastorall, or delightfull Commedy; and if you please in this short vacation from your more serious affaires, to become our Poet, though wee cannot accommodate our Actors with such *Properties*, as you sometimes bestowed on the *Globe*, yet shall wee suite them with such Habilliments, as may sort with our *Countrey-garbe*. Your answer is expected by him, who honours your parts and person.

Lesley.

Sr. Iohn Svcklings Anſwer to Generall Lesley's Letter.

SIR,

YOu expect my anſwer, and I here returne it, and in ſuch a Dialect as may ſuite with a Souldier, eſpecially ſuch an one as is no Scholler. You are pleaſed to jeere me with my flight from my countrey: and I muſt tell you, it were well for my countrey, if you would fly into your owne. And for my action at *Newbourne*; it was more noble for me to fly, then it was loyall in you to purſue. I left my cloaths, it is true: they were mine owne: but you in poſſeſſing them, deckt your ſelves with others feathers, by ſeazing on that which was not your owne. And in it, you ſay, I did a worke of *charity*; and ſo I account it, for if they knew how to put them on, I am ſure they might cover many that were *naked*. You write unto me, that ſome will conceive me to be a *man of action*; and ſo I am; my thoughts are ever *active*, nay, ſhall I ſpeake really to you; they are *paſsive*, till you performe what you profeſſe, & leave our countrey; where report goes, you intend to ſojourn and take your repaſt: till your ragged Regiment has brought them in with their Harveſt. Your opinion of me, of tenderneſſe and effeminacy ſhall little move me: when actions of reputation ſhall invite me, I have a ſpirit in me to evince that opinion: and make the world know, that I dare

dare doe what may fairely cloſe with loyall reſolution. For my *Potato's*, *Eringo's*, *Caviare*, & ſuch *Kix-ſhawes*, you ſay you were never acquainted with them, and I eaſily beleeve it: Theſe are too delicate viands for a *Buffe-palat*: yet I am confident, ſhould you retire but a ſeaſon from your military diſcipline, you would quickly incline to ſuch delicacy, and from the *Campe* become a *Carpet Knight*, and beſtow this weakned Remainder of your time on eaſe and effeminacy. For my *Miſtreſſe*; If I win her, I deſerve to weare her; ſhee ſhall need no *penſion* from you to ſupply her. For my *Feveriſh feare*, you were never yet ſo nearly imboſom'd in me, as to know any ſuch paſſion yet ſurprize me; if flight from an Enemy deſerve ſuch a ſtyle; what may hee deſerve, who flyes from his Countrey to prey upon an others ſtate? For my *Maſſacres* on the *Stage*; of a *Tragedy*, I made a *Comedy*: and ſo might you doe by diſ-banding and leaving our *Countrey* upon your retreat, you intend to regreet your countrey with a Paſtorall; or ſome pleaſant Comedy: And you would have the aſſiſtance of my Poetry: but your *Excellence* cannot digeſt *ſtrong Lines*, ſome *Calidonian* Bard then will better ſuite you, and leaue me a daily Petitioner for your ſpeedy departure.

IOHN SVCKLING.